

A D V E R T I S E M E N T

The Day is Passed

(Price ONE SHILLING)

# Admiral HADDOCK:

OF FLORIDA, with the Count of the British Trading Ships to, and from the Island of Jamaica; also an Account of the Trade-Winds and Currents thereabout, as different Seasons of the Year. Illustrated with a Chart of the Coast of Florida, and of the adjacent smaller Islands, Shoals, Rocks, and other remarkable Things in the Course of the Navigation in the West-India. Whistly is also contained, the Proceedings of those Voyages to the West-India, and the late Discoveries of the World.

To which are added, some PROPOSALS for the better securing of the British Trade and Navigation, taken from the West-India. Also, At the End of this Treatise, a General INDEX of the Names, &c. contained in the annexed Chart, distinguished by numerical References to each other. Likewise an alphabetical Catalogue of the same Names, along with the like numerical References, the Use of which are mentioned at the End of the Whole.

To which is now added, a very remarkable Letter containing a succinct Account of the Growth, Trade, Manners, and Religion, &c. as also of the Ports of America, from Boston, New-Castle, Buenos-Ayres, and the Coast of the Continent, interspersed with various curious Remarks on the Government of the several Kingdoms in America.

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A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

*This Day is Publish'd,*

(Price ONE SHILLING.)

*The Second Edition, with Additions,*

A DESCRIPTION of the WINDWARD-PASSAGE, and GULF of FLORIDA, with the Course of the *British* trading Ships to, and from the Island of *Jamaica*; also an Account of the Trade-Winds and Currents thereabouts, at different Seasons of the Year. Illustrated with a Chart of the Coast of *Florida*, and of the Islands of the *Bahama*, *Cuba*, *Hispaniola*, *Jamaica*, and the adjacent smaller Islands, Shoals, Rocks, and other remarkable Things in the Course of the Navigation in the *West-Indies*. Whereby is demonstrated, the Precariousness of those Voyages to the *West-India* Merchants, and the Impossibility of their Homeward-bound Ships keeping clear of the *Spanish Guarda-Costas*. The Whole very necessary for the Information of such as never were in those Parts of the World.

To which are added, some PROPOSALS for the better securing of the *British* Trade and Navigation to and from the *West-Indies*.

Note, At the End of this Treatise is a General INDEX of the Names, &c. contained in the annexed Chart, distinguished by numerical References to each other. Likewise an alphabetical Catalogue of the same Names alone, with the like numerical References, the Uses of which are mentioned at the End of the Whole.

To which is now annexed, a very remarkable Letter, containing a succinct Account of the *Galleons*, *Flota*, *Flotilla*, and *Register-Ships*; as also of the Ports of *Havana*, *Porto-Bello*, *Carthagena*, *Vera-Cruz*, *Buenos-Ayres*, and the Coast of the *Caracca's*; interspersed with various curious Remarks on the Commerce of the *Spaniards* in *America*.

Printed and Sold by *J. Applebee*, in *Bolt-Court*, *Fleet-street*; *C. Corbett*, Bookseller and Publisher, in *Fleet-street*; *E. Nutt* and *E. Cook*, at the *Royal-Exchange*; and *A. Dodd*, at the *Peacock*, without *Temple-Bar*.

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Admiral *H A D D O C K*:

O R,

The Progress of *S P A I N*.

A

P O E M.

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*Rous'd from lethargick Indolence, afar;  
The British Lion roars avenging War.  
Let proud IBERIA tremble at the Sound,  
While HADDOCK deals his Thunder-bolts around.*

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L O N D O N:

Printed and Sold by J. APPLEBEE, in *Bolt-Court, Fleet-street*; C. CORBETT,  
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Admiral HADDOCK:

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Alexander Cochrane,

of Boston

The Progress of

A

P  
O  
E  
M.

While HADDOCK deals his Thunder-bolts around,  
Let proud LEBIA tremble at the sound,  
The British Lion roars avenging War,  
Roused from lethargick Indolence, afar,



L O W D O N :

Printed and sold by J. APPLEBY, in Bolt-Court, Fleet-street; C. CORBETT,  
Bookseller and Publisher, over-against St. Dunstons Church, in Fleet street;  
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# Admiral *HADDOCK*:

O R,

## The Progress of *SPAIN*.

P O E M.



WHEN Great *Eliza* fill'd the *British* Throne,

And Royal Favour crown'd Desert alone ;

When to be *Great* was to be truly *Brave*,

And Merit shone distinguish'd to the Grave :

Then liv'd a *Drake*, (a) a *Hawkins* then appear'd,

Whose Names will be to latest Times rever'd.

Born to extend and guard the public Good,

Each noble End they steadily pursu'd ;

To distant Climes their curious Search convey'd,

New Worlds explor'd, and new Discoveries made :

Enrich'd us with the Produce of their Toil,

And swell'd the Commerce of the *British* Isle.

(a) Sir Francis Drake, and Capt. John Hawkins, who made a Voyage round the World.

ILL fated Change! since subtle (b) *Cordex* won  
 The golden Regions of the genial Sun;  
 Ravag'd what (c) *Montezuma* could command,  
 From rich-vein'd *Mexico* to *Peru's* Strand:  
 Since Orient Mines emblazon'd *Philip's* Crown,  
 And *Indian* Princes shudder'd at his Frown:  
 Since proud *Iberia* thro' the *Indies* spread  
 Destructive Conquests, and a slavish Dread.

HENCE sprung the Grandeur, hence the Pride arose,  
 Of this Disturber of Mankind's Repose.  
 The haughty Monarch, with Success elate,  
 And grown eccentric to his Orb of State;  
 Attempted next (to crown his former Spoils)  
 The Acquisition of the (d) Queen of Isles.  
 But first, by supple Methods, he assay'd  
 To win the Favour of the (e) *Royal Maid*.  
 By smooth Delusion, to engage her Hand  
 In faithless Treaties, and the nuptial Band.  
 Serene *Eliza*, with a just Disdain,  
 Receives the specious Overtures of *Spain*:  
 Sees thro' each Jesuitical Disguise,  
 And scorns the low Restraint of *Romish* Ties.  
 With a majestick Presence She declar'd,  
 " That BRITAIN'S Welfare was her sole Regard,  
 " Ordain'd by Heaven to support the Cause  
 " Of its Religion, Liberty, and Laws;  
 " That she wou'd guard 'em, to her latest Hour,  
 " From all Encroachments of a Foreign Pow'r.

(b) The Spanish General, who first conquered the  
 rich Mines of *Mexico* and *Peru*.

(c) Emperor of those Parts at that Time.

(d) *England*.

(e) Queen *Elizabeth*.



“ That *Philip*’s low Ambition met her Scorn:  
 “ That, as she was a Royal BRITON born,  
 “ T’accumulate the Blessings of her Reign,  
 “ An independent Princess she’d remain.”

STERN *Philip* hears the resolute Reply,  
 With Indignation burning in his Eye.

Revenge he breathes, determines on a War,  
 To gratify --- his Passion for the Fair.

SO, when by specious Lures the Tempter fails,  
 With potent Rage he furiously affails.

WHAT monstrous Evils and Disorders spring  
 From low Ambition, when it swells a King?  
 Celestial Justice, with a trembling Hand,  
 Lets drop the Balance, and resigns her Stand:  
 The sacred Bench no longer strikes with Awe,  
 While Truth seems hov’ring on the Verge of Law.  
 Honour, the Emulation of the Great,  
 Abandons, in Disgrace, the royal Seat:  
 Deferts the Patriot, in his ample Trust,  
 Indignant crawls, and grov’ling licks the Dust.  
 From Prince to Statesman, thro’ the courtly Train,  
 The dire Contagion spreads itself amain:  
 Mingles in Senates, where each silver Tongue  
 Unites the wide Extremes of Right and Wrong:  
 Gives haughty Ministers the royal Nod,  
 But swells a Monarch--- to a Demi-God.

SUCH vaunting *Philip* would be deem’d, at least,  
 While hostile Fury labour’d in his Breast:

While, big with Schemes of Arbitrary Sway,  
He spurn'd at ALBION, as his destin'd Prey.  
ALBION! the Seat of Liberty and Fame;  
Justly rever'd, and much distinguish'd Name!  
Renown'd for loyal and heroic Hearts;  
The Field of Courage, and the School of Arts.

NOW spreads the mighty Squadron o'er the Main,  
Th' united Spleen of Rome, and Strength of Spain:  
Design'd, BRITANNIA's Glory to embroil;  
To scatter fell Destruction thro' our Isle;  
Ingloriously to conquer and enslave  
The Great, the Good, the Noble, and the Brave,  
Wide on the Surface of the briny Deep,  
It cuts the Billows with tremendous Sweep!  
Beneath its Weight the Ocean seem'd to groan,  
While Neptune trembled from his wat'ry Throne.  
Old Father (f) Pius, in a grand Bravado,  
Yelep'd it the Invincible Armado.  
Whose Benediction fainted all the Crew,  
And (if they cou'd) empow'r'd 'em to subdue.

HOW puff'd with Insolence the hostile Train!  
Secure of Conquest, and of Courage vain!  
BRITANNIA's Glebe they parcell'd out by Lot,  
And canton'd into Shares each fertile Spot:  
Rich Manours dignify'd the proud Grandee;  
The Jesuit secur'd a wealthy See:  
To cherish and absolve the conscious Wife,  
Each lusty Friar had a Cure for Life.

(f) Pius Quintus, then Pope.



With Schemes of visionary Pow'r elate,  
 Each deem'd himself an *Atlas* of the State.  
 Here struts a Minister (or some such Thing)  
 There skips a varnish'd *Lacquey* to a King:  
 Here stalks a Privy-counsellor, and there,  
 Bestrung with empty Titles, swells a Peer.  
 Thus wild Ambition elevates the Vain,  
 And, by degrees, intoxicates the Brain.

ARM'D with th' *Artill'ry* (g) of the *Inquisition*,  
 The *Tribes* of *Levi* open their Commission,  
 To plunder and exterminate by Force,  
 All stubborn *Hereticks*, without Remorse.  
 " Courage, my Sons (exhorts the sanguine Priest)  
 " Spare neither Age, nor Sex, that shall resist.  
 " Deep let the Heresy of *Luther* bleed;  
 " The Church will ever sanctify the Deed."

THUS, big with Fury and Resentment keen,  
 The fiery *Zealots* breath'd infernal Spleen.  
 But Heav'n, who saw their Machinations dire,  
 Bridled their Rage, and mock'd their feeble Ire.

BRITANNIA, tow'ring in her splendid Carr,  
 Beholds the threat'ning Danger from afar.  
 August *Eliza*, with a Soul serene,  
 Commands her flying Squadrons to convene:  
 By royal Proclamation spreads th' Alarm,  
 And calls her Loyal *Veterans* to arm.

(g) Instruments of Torture, as *Racks*, *Knives*, *Whips*, &c. Which they had provided to exercise their barbarous Cruelty upon the *English*.

Great *Howard* and puissant *Drake* obey'd,  
 Their Streamers mounted, and their Flags display'd.  
 To Arms the brave, intrepid *Britons* fly,  
 For Liberty, to conquer --- or to die.

THE *British* Fleet, in terrible Array,  
 The proud *Iberians*, with a Dread, survey,  
 A sudden Panick seiz'd the trembling Host;  
 Deep sunk the Pride of ev'ry empty Boast:  
 While Resolution warm'd each *British* Soul,  
 And Intrepidity inspir'd the Whole.

NOW *Drake's* Artillery began to play,  
 Big with the Fate of the important Day.  
 The massy Balls in smoaky Tempests fly,  
 And with a dire Exploſion rend the Sky.  
 Death hovers round -- tremendous Cannons roar,  
 And roll their Thunder to each diſtant Shore:  
 While ſwift Deſtruction ſcours the wat'ry Plain,  
 And levels in the Deep the Pride of *Spain*.  
 Wild Terror and Confuſion ſeize the Foe;  
 They feel, but know not whence proceeds the Blow.  
 Their feeble Efforts 'gainſt each other turn;  
 Without Diſtinction Sink, Deſtroy; and Burn:  
 Till dreadful Havock, with impetuous Sweep,  
 Had plung'd 'em reeking in the briny Deep;  
 Their ſhatter'd Navy on the Billows toſ'd,  
 Their Strength enfeebled, and their Honour loſt.

THUS ſunk the tow'ring Infolence of *Spain*,  
 Thus fell the Haughty, Arrogant, and Vain:



While evil Destiny their Fate pursu'd,  
And Britain with victorious Arms subdu'd.

UNABLE to withstand the dire Defeat,  
In evil Plight the ragged *Dons* retreat.  
Ingloriously they scour along the Main,  
Their Vessels mangled, and their *Mighty* slain.

*IBERIA* trembled at the stunning Blow,  
While gloomy Horror sat on *Philip's* Brow.  
While dread Surprise usurp'd his haughty Breast,  
And humbled in the Dust his lofty Crest.  
Too late he felt the grasping Hand of Pow'r,  
(Stretch'd out to Ravage, Plunder, and Devour)  
Shrink back enfeebled --- down the Monarch fate,  
T'upbraid his evil Stars, and curse his Fate.  
Down tumbled all the Trumpery of *Rome*,  
Th' unhallow'd Mitre, and the regal Plume.  
The *Ghastly* (b) *Sire* with Dread the Shock sustain'd;  
While *Britain* triumph'd, and *Eliza* reign'd.

THUS in defence of Liberty and Right,  
*Britannia's* hardy Sons were wont to Fight.  
No jarring Interests their Peace destroy'd;  
No Party Feuds their Happiness annoy'd.  
With Unanimity, and Patriot Zeal,  
Each sought th' Improvement of the Common-Weal,  
Taught by a bright Example from the Throne,  
Each deem'd the Public Interest his own.

(b) The Pope.

HENCE Affluence and Peace their Blessings shed;  
 Hence drooping Commerce rear'd her sickly Head:  
 The *British* Flag triumphant plow'd the Main,  
 Maugre the raging Impotence of *Spain*.  
 Hence fair Renown and Universal Fame,  
 Immortaliz'd the great *Eliza*'s Name.  
 Who poiz'd the Sceptre with so mild a sway,  
 'Twas Pleasure join'd with Duty to obey.

'TWOULD answer a voluminous Design,  
 To trace from (i) *Eighty-Eight*, to *Thirty-Nine*.  
 Inlively and impartial Scenes, to draw  
 The brave Atchievements of the great *Nassau*.  
 To paint at large illustrious *ANNA*'s Reign,  
 And blend the Colours with the Blood of *Spain*.  
 These Scenes the grave Historian will rehearse,  
 Exemplify at large, and spare my Verse.

WHAT curs'd Ambition prompts the Sons of Men!  
 The ancient *Leven* now ferments again:  
 That Lust of Grandeur, and despotic Sway,  
 No Pow'r can satiate, and no Means allay.  
*Iberia*, with a jealous Eye, surveys  
 The *British* Commerce on the Western Seas:  
 From fair *Augusta* to the *Indian* Shores,  
 The wide Extension of our Trade explores.  
 "What shall these Bees of Industry (She cries)  
 "Aspire to Fame, in Opulency rise?  
 "With Affiduity, from Pole to Pole,  
 "Th' accumulating Ball of Commerce roll?"

(i) The Year of the Spanish Invasion.



" Exert their Jurisdiction on the Main,  
 " The richest Magazines of Nature drain,  
 " And vye in Grandeur with the Crown of Spain;  
 " Up, let us make their floating Wealth a Prey;  
 " Our Int'rest points, our Honour leads the Way."

A SWARM of Pyrates now infest the Seas,  
 Who skulk about, and ravage as they please.  
 No Bounds their lawless Depredations know;  
 They feel no Pity, nor Indulgence show.  
 At sacred Property they make no Stand,  
 But Rob and Plunder with a sweeping Hand.  
 What Coward Baseness rankles in their Veins?  
 (Servility of Soul, that drags its Chains!)  
 Intent on Plunder, as in Shoals they pour,  
 Without Remorse, the fordid Tars devour.  
 Barbarity thro' ev'ry Scene appears,  
 And happy is the Man, *that wears his Ears.*

SUCH glaring Insolence, and Clang of Arms,  
 From *Philip's* Vassals, fill'd us with Alarms.  
 Declining Commerce, pensive for her Fate,  
 Pathetically mourns at ev'ry Gate:  
 Traverse the Plains, or pace the Cities round,  
 Repeated Captures in our Ears resound.  
 Calamity and popular Disgrace,  
 With Giant-strides, come trooping on apace.  
 A general Murmur echos thro' the Land,  
 Credit impair'd, and Commerce at a Stand.

THE *British* Merchants saw the evil Day,  
 Their Commerce dwindle, and their Wealth decay.  
 In clear Remonstrances their Wrongs display'd;  
 And humbly fought their Prince and Senate's Aid.  
 The Royal Sov'reign answer'd from the Throne,  
 He deem'd his Peoples Sufferings his own.  
 That ev'ry Measure for the public Good,  
 Shou'd be with strict Integrity pursu'd:  
 And no Endeavours wanting to obtain,  
 Full Restitution from the Court of *Spain*.

COURIERS immediately with flying Speed;  
 Post on their public Errands to *Madrid*.  
 Dispatches on Dispatches roll so fast,  
 The first is hardly Prior to the last.  
 Negotiation heavily moves on,  
 While Politicians blunder *Pro* and *Con*.  
 While, *insignificantly*, they discuss  
 Important Points, of high Concern to *US*.

TO close the Difficulties still behind,  
 A laudable *Convention* is assign'd.  
 The worthy *Plenipo's*, with much Fatigue,  
 Draw up a sort of Covenant or League;  
 Approv'd by *Philip*, and his artful Clan,  
 As an Ingenious, Honourable Plan.  
 Which (to adjust and limit each Pretension)  
 Was ratify'd; and sign'd the grand *Convention*.

THE Stipulations ev'ry *Briton* knows;  
 At least, their laudable *Repentment* shows.



By *Spanish* Computation it appears,  
*Ninety five Thousand* is the full Arrears.  
 Which righteous *Philip* condescends to pay  
 Our pillag'd Merchants, and assigns the Day:  
 This huge Equivalent for Sums untold;  
 For Property usurp'd, and Honour sold;  
 For Subjects mangled, and for Trade impair'd,  
 Was long expected, but was never shar'd.

SUCH Jesuitical Prevarication,  
 Wound up the Spirit of an injur'd Nation:  
 Whose mild, pacifick Measures to obtain  
 An honourable Peace, were all in vain.

AVENGING War throughout our *Villas* rings,  
 (The Rod of Heaven, and the Scourge of Kings)  
 While an heroick Emulation warms,  
 And animates *Britannia's* Sons to Arms.

SEE *Haddock*, with his sweeping Train, advance,  
 Of *Spain* the Terror, and the Dread of *France*,  
 Before his Face the skulking Vassals fly;  
 Wild Horror stares in each malignant Eye:  
 Loud Cannon rending *Neptune's* watry Couch,  
 And *Cadix* trembling at his near Approach.

TO chase these bloody Harpies of the Age,  
 Chastise their Insolence, and curb their Rage;  
 Brave *Norris*, *Vernon*, *Balchen*, stand prepar'd,  
 Their Prince's Glory, and their Country's Guard:  
 Excited by Example, to their Eyes  
 Brave *Rawleigh*, *Howard*, *Drake*, and *Essex* rise;

Who spread the *British* Empire o'er the Main,  
And roll'd their Thunder to the Realms of *Spain*,

ILLUSTRIOUS *Chiefs* ! *Britannia's* Rights defend,  
Retrieve her Commerce, and her Fame extend.  
Exert your Vigilance, your Valour show;  
Strike the deciffive, equitable Blow.  
With potent Fire the haughty *Dons* invade,  
Nor sheath the Sword till Restitution's made.  
Assert the Honour of the *British* Name,  
And grace the Annals of immortal Fame.  
Let *Bourbon* know that Tyranny and Chains  
Find no Admission where a *BRUNSWICK* reigns.

WRAPT into future Times, the Muse surveys  
New Revolutions; and new halcyon Days.  
By valiant *Haddock's* thund'ring Arm suppress'd,  
The humble *Spaniard* seeks inglorious Rest.  
Intriguing *France*, proud *Philip's* sworn Ally,  
Relinquishes the Sphere She longer can't supply.  
*Britannia*, re-assumes her mild Command,  
And holds the Balance with an even Hand.  
While smiling Plenty shall her Sweets impart,  
And Joy diffusive gladden ev'ry Heart.  
Truth, Honour, Justice, and Desert shall blend,  
And salutary Peace her Olive Wand extend,

**F I N I S**